No 673

LETTER TO THE KING.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIX-PENCE.]

LETTER TO THE KING;

IN WHICH THE CONDUCT OF

MR. LENOX, AND THE MINISTER,

IN THE AFFAIR WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF YORK,

IS FULLY CONSIDERED.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

The King covered his Face; and the King cried with a loud Voice, O my Son! ii. Sam. xix. 24.

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MDCCLXXXIX.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

AN individual who has both the happineſs and the honour to be perſonally known to Your Majeſty, begs permiſſion to approach Your throne, and to lay before You his ſentiments of a late public tranſaction, thro' which the dignity of Your crown has been invaded, and the ſafety of Your people alarmed and endangered.

I ſhould not, however, have preſumed to addreſs my Sovereign on a ſubject of ſuch magnitude and importance, had others of more conſe-

quence than myſelf, and of more ability to execute the very arduous undertaking, come perſonally forward on an occaſion ſo preſſing and intereſting to the empire. Much as I reſpect and love the whole Houſe of Brunſwick;—much as I regard the rights of ſucceſſion, and the ſacred images that reflect Your Royal Perſon;—much as I revere the blood that, deſcending from the pureſt founts of Glory and Virtue, rolls hereditary in the veins of Your illuſtrious offspring;—it is poſſible I might not have engaged in ſo painful a taſk, had not the conduct of Your Majeſty's miniſter excited a ſuſpicion of an alarming nature. The nation, with equal horror and amazement, have beheld an attempt made by an illegitimate

illegitimate deſcendant of the Stuart family, to cut off the lawful iſſue and preſumptive heir of Your crown*. Had the attempt been raſhly hazarded by a hot-headed young man, who had conceived his own polluted perſon inſulted by Royalty, pity for his weakneſs had perhaps ſtifled the ſtronger emotions of contempt or indignation. But when ſeveral days had elapſed between the ſuppoſed affront and the execution of vengeance, by a deliberate attack on the life of Your Second Son, to what impulſe, to what motive, ſhall we impute ſuch extraordinary conduct?— To ſay that Mr. Lenox was ſtimulated by the feelings of honour, were

* Perhaps more properly deſignated "Pre-"ſumptive Heir to the Heir Apparent."

an affront to the dignity of Human Nature; an affront to truth; an affront to every officer that bears Your Majeſty's commiſſion. Men of warm and nice feelings reſent on the ſpot: the voice of honour is a call ſuperior to delay: Offended Virtue is an importunate creditor; ſhe *draws* at ſight, and will be paid on demand. The claims of nature are ſtrong; they *will* be ſatisfied; and the laws of the country, which, philoſophically ſpeaking, are devoid of paſſion, wiſely make allowance for the impulſe of the moment. Men of honour are not apt to *plan* away the lives of others, much leſs of the Princes of the empire, whereof they themſelves are ſubjects. They conſult not whiſperers; neither run they up and down

down in corners and club-rooms to acquire proof of imaginary provocations. They are governed by no ſuch procraſtinated reſentments, ſuch illiberal ideas, ſuch narrow notions of honour! To what motive then ſhall we aſcribe the conduct of that man who hath diſcovered ſo ſmall a portion of thoſe *fine ſenſations* by which men of dignified and exalted feelings are influenced? Shall we impute it to the blood that runs polluted in his veins? or to the cabals of ſome other perſon? To one, or to the other of theſe, his conduct muſt finally be referred. If to the firſt, then is Mr. Lenox beneath the reſentment of thoſe whoſe generous birth ranks them in the claſs of gentlemen. If to the latter, on whom is it natural that

that we ſhould turn our eyes? On a ſtranger? or on the man who had ſo recently attempted to cramp and cripple, by a moſt dangerous, moſt unprecedented, and moſt unconſtitutional Bill of Regency, the immediate Succeſſor and Repreſentative of Your Majeſty? If it ſhall appear that ſuch man hath uniformly inſulted the Princes of Your houſe;--if he hath been obſerved, at the very inſtant that the iron of Mr. Lenox's rage flamed the hotteſt, to walk in amity and familiarity with the very man who had meditated the deſtruction of his Prince;—ſhall it be ſaid that his conduct does not juſtify ſuſpicion? or that injuſtice is done to him by preſuming him the guilty ſuggeſter of the deed? Shall not a deluded people take the alarm? Shall their

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juſt ſuſpicions be lulled into a dangerous ſecurity? Shall they paſſively endure the inſult? Shall they ſilently behold their Prince degraded, and his life expoſed to the revenge of an imperious ambition?—to that haughty hatred of your crown and family which has ſyſtematically marked the conduct of Your miniſter? As a father, Your Majeſty muſt ever bleed for the dark and daring attempt that has been made on the life of a deſervedly beloved child, not more the darling of Your heart, than the mirror of Your own diſtinguiſhed greatneſs. As the father of Your people, You muſt lament, with them, the vengeance employed againſt an excellent and amiable youth, to whom the nation looked up with equal joy and reverence;

ence; and whoſe ſacred perſon even foreigners regard with eſteem: for Your Majeſty does not require to be told, that all Europe, at this moment, ſtands aſtoniſhed at the deed, and can ſcarcely credit the unreſented violence that has been offered to Your Houſe.

The conduct of the Royal Duke has excited the admiration of every court in Europe. His Majeſty of Pruſſia, when the report of the Prince's magnanimity reached his ear, exclaimed in a rapture, " Were my " uncle living, how would the vete- " ran rejoice to find that his pupil " had acted up to his inſtructions!" If ſuch were, and ſuch undoubtedly *was*, the language of the Pruſſian Monarch, with what contempt, with what

what indignation, with what horror muſt he behold the conduct of Mr. Lenox—of *that man* whom Your miniſter has had the addreſs to convert from a Coward to a Hero;—from a Bravo to a Soldier of Honour? But, alas! England is the only country in which Mr. Lenox is reputed a hero.

Sir, for myſelf, I am neither aſhamed nor afraid to ſay, that I love my king, and regard all the branches of his houſe. My anceſtors loſt much of their blood, and much of their fortunes in the Royal ſervice. I am not a boaſtful man; but ſhould their deſcendant be called on, it is poſſible he might not ſhrink from his duty, or diſhonour his birth. Sure I am, he would defend with his blood the life of the excellent youth which has

been wantonly, and I will add, moſt deliberately endangered. I truſt, therefore, that howſoever feebly the preſent queſtion may be argued by me, I ſhall at leaſt obtain credit for my zeal and ſincerity in defence of the honour of Your houſe, the ſafety of Your throne, and the dignity of the country at large. Under this ſanction, I have ventured to throw myſelf at the feet of Your Majeſty, and to claim Your indulgence, whilſt I expreſs the emotions of a loyal and bleeding heart. It is a duty which I owe to my Prince; and, in the diſcharge of that duty, I feel myſelf confidently right. Forward, however, I have not been found on the preſent occaſion: hoping the ſanguinary ſcene at Wimbledon would have

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been confined to the ſpot, and that it would never have penetrated behind the royal curtain;—dear as I deemed the life and intereſts of the Prince, I delayed to draw my pen until other nations had taken the alarm, and publicly expreſſed their fears and aſtoniſhment. Theſe, I truſt, will be found ſufficient motives both for my having continued ſilent ſo long, and for my being the only man who has, even thus late, *perſonally* met the queſtion.

But if, as a *ſubject*, (and it is my boaſt, Sir, that I am Your's,) I deplore and ſhudder at the deſperate attempt, what muſt be the ſufferings of an injured and inſulted Monarch, whoſe parental feelings do honour, not leſs to Royalty than to Human

Nature itſelf?—Of Him, whoſe affection for the children of his loins is the theme of thouſands, and an example all mankind? It is not for me to paint the diſtreſſes of a wounded monarch, and afflicted father; but allow me to ſay, that my heart rains tears whilſt I but think of it.

On the Beloved Partner of Your griefs and pleaſures, with unaffected concern I would turn my eyes: on Her, to whoſe ſoftneſs of ſoul, whoſe mildneſs of heart, whoſe parental affection the whole nation has borne ample teſtimony. How vaſt then, and ſevere, how deep and ſearching the diſtractions which tear and rend the boſom of that amiable woman! To vent them aloud in ſighs, or diſcharge them in tears, is the privilege of

of the meaneſt ſubject; yet this, it ſeems, is denied unto Her; and her maternal feelings are publicly ſacrificed on the altar of *State-Policy*, to gratify the inordinate ambition and inſulting pride of a young, imperious miniſter. The very *Sanctum* of Your palace has been violated; and the ſenſibility of a wounded mother unnaturally ſported with, to give colour to the deed.

Pregnant, however, with alarm and horror, as this inſtance of your miniſter's conduct appears to the nation, a more dreadful danger lurks in the back-ground. From his ſtudied irreverence towards all the branches of Your Royal Houſe, what may not be preſumed? I am not a man diſpoſed to anticipate evil, or indulge ſuſpicion; but God forbid that any man,

man, miſled by a falſe ambition, ſhould aſſume a parity with Your royal offspring; or ſhould ſtart up in any ſhape, or under any pretence, the rival of their claims! Human Nature, I truſt, is not wholly capable of ſuch inſidious depravity: but ſhould the ſeveral branches of the Brunſwick houſe be lopped off one by one ——.

I beg leave to ſtate a fair propoſition; and I implore Your Majeſty's gracious attention:—That, had Your illuſtrious houſe conſiſted of two branches only; and if, by any conſpiracy, one of them had been cut off, it remained with Heaven alone to ſay where the national confuſion and calamity would have ended! but ever praiſed be the King of Kings, who hath guarded Your throne with

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a thick ſhade of ſurrounding branches; which neither the lightning of a mortal arm can pierce, nor the thunder of diſloyalty deſtroy.

But though a man ſhould be found who might lop the branch, it were yet impoſſible to root the ſtock out of the heart of every Engliſhman! For one, I can tell him, that it is deeply planted *there:* and I hope to hear this expreſſion echoed from England, from Ireland, and from the remoteſt ſkirts of the Britiſh empire.

But it may be aſked, could a cold and cautious miniſter all at once throw of the maſk, and openly embrace the man who had fired at the ſon of his royal maſter? The queſtion ſurpriſes, but the anſwer is ſtill more aſtoniſhing. By ſuch *unuſual* conduct

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he invited the nation to look upon him: the door of perſonal protection flew open; the aſylum of office preſented itſelf to the miniſters of faction, impatient to thin the number of thoſe that ſtood in the way of his ambition. This is the anſwer that muſt be given to it:—let Corruption find another, if ſhe can.

I ſhall not here draw a picture of the hated Houſe of Stuart, and its deteſted adherents; neither ſhall I enlarge on the virtues and the glories that follow the illuſtrious line of Brunſwick. Compariſon would only enflame, and a parallel render that odious which was meant to be merely juſt. This, however, muſt not be paſſed by without particular attention; That if the bar of baſtardy caſt

caſt between Mr. Lenox and Your Son, be of no conſideration in the queſtion, (as Your miniſter, and his friends, affect to ſay) then is the competitor of Your Son one degree nearer to the Throne of theſe kingdoms than the Prince. Reſpect, Sir, forbids me to ſay more; and I draw a curtain over the offenſive picture.

On the other hand, ſhould it be urged that the bar of illegitimacy *does* ſtand acroſs the eſcutcheon of this proud young man, and therefore that the apprehended danger doth not apply, this concluſion naturally flows from it; that the perſon of Mr. Lenox requires that purity which conſtitutes the gentleman, by rendering him an object deſerving a competition with

thoſe who boaſt an unpolluted deſcent; and therefore, not having the purity in himſelf, that he condeſcended to become the inſtrument of another.

Let us not be told that Your Majeſty purified his blood, and made Mr. Lenox a gentleman, the day you made him an officer, and gave him a commiſſion to guard and defend Your own ſacred perſon. This argument, however, will hardly be urged; for the conduct of Mr. Lenox were but the more culpable on that very account. Thus, which ever way the queſtion is turned, the advocates for Mr. Lenox are foiled and defeated.

Had the Royal Duke fallen by the hand of a Ruſſell or a Howard, (dreadful as the thought muſt ever be!) it had not been ſo lamentable. Poſterity

rity might ſay, that the gallant youth had greatly died, as he greatly lived. Had he fallen even by the legitimate houſe of Stuart, no diſhonour had attended his fall;—ſome portion of the old Britiſh honour had revived amongſt us, to conſole us for the irreparable loſs of his much-valued life;—to awaken in our boſoms the virtuous flames that had ſlept ſo long!

But, for a moment, I will ſuppoſe, with Your miniſter, that the feelings of Mr. Lenox were ſtung by ſomething the Prince had ſaid either *to* him, or *of* him. The queſtion will then ſtand thus: Not whether Mr. Lenox had a right to challenge the gentleman, who, he conceived, had offended him? But, WHETHER HE HAD ANY RIGHT AT ALL TO FIRE AT THE

PRESUMPTIVE HEIR OF THE CROWN? This ſimplifies the queſtion, and it does not require much labour of argument to determine the point. For my own part I am free to ſay, at the hazard of my legal reputation, that to *challenge*, or to *fire at* the preſumptive heir of the crown, are acts beyond thoſe of a ſimple miſdemeanour; and that if they be not high treaſon, they approach to ſomething extremely like it. When a Prince is born to us, the legiſlature always addreſs the throne on the joyous occaſion; juſtly obſerving, that ſuch birth is a freſh acceſſion of ſecurity to the empire. In like manner, whenever the viſitation of God ſnatches from the world a Prince of the realm, an addreſs of condolence waits upon the throne,

throne, commemorating a circumſtance ſo unfortunate to the country. For the ſame reaſon, and to preſerve the rights of ſucceſſion inviolate, the life of a Prince of Wales is wiſely hedged round with ſtatutes; — the ſhade of thoſe ſtatutes covers and extends over the heir preſumptive, as the ſword of the Angel turned every way to guard the tree of life. But even Paradiſe has ceaſed to be ſecure from pollution; nor is the hereditary tree of monarchy always ſafe from the unhallowed hand of violence.

I am no friend to the multiplication of penal ſtatutes; but as a profeſſor of the laws, and an aſſertor of the rights and ſecurity of the throne, I feel myſelf more immediately called

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on to ſuggeſt the neceſſity of a ſolemn act of the whole legiſlature to protect the lives and perſons of the ſeveral Princes of the Royal Blood. When the Scythian philoſopher * objected to Solon,

* *Anacharſis.* This philoſopher is, perhaps, the ſtrongeſt inſtance on record of the uncultivated powers of the human mind. Born and living in a barbarous, uncivilized country, ſo vaſt were the depths of his wiſdom, and ſo wide the extent of his reputation, that the celebrated Solon travelled into Scythia on purpoſe to conſult him on the framing of the laws, which he afterwards eſtabliſhed at Athens; and which, no doubt, derived conſiderable advantage from the advice of Anacharſis. It was at this famous interview that the Scythian Sage delivered that memorable ſaying, which has ſince been retailed, without acknowledgment, for more than two thouſand years. It is time, however, that it ſhould be reſtored to its original author, though Valerius Maximus has been

Solon, that his code of laws had not provided againſt the crime of *parricide*, the law-giver of Athens anſwered, "That crime is impoſſible." Experience, however, proved this famous

been beforehand with me: "Quam porro ſubtili-
"ter Anacharſis leges Arancarum telis compa-
"rabat." De Sap. Dict.

The good and learned Prieſt of Apollo thus commemorates the ſaying:—

Γραμμασιν—ἃ μηδεν των αραχνιων διαφερειν, αλλ' ως εκεινα, τες μεν ασθενεις και λεπτες των αλισκομενων καθεξειν υπο δε των δυνατων και πλεσιων διαρραγεσεσθαι. Plut. Vit. Sol.

Which may be thus put into an Engliſh dreſs, ſhould a tranſlation, at the very moment I am writing, be allowed me.

Like that illuſive net Arachne draws,
To catch the weak, are fram'd the ſubtle laws;
The rich, the mighty break the cobweb through:—
'Twas Anacharſis firſt pronounc'd it true.

legiſ-

legiſlator to be miſtaken; for, not long after, it was found expedient to enact an expreſs law againſt this *impoſſible crime*. A late event has demonſtrated, that the laws of Great Britain have not yet provided againſt every poſſible ſpecies of *parricide*; thus evincing the neceſſity of an immediate and irrevocable act of parliament, rendering it high treaſon for any perſon to conſpire or compaſs the death of a Prince of the empire. Were an act to guard Your children and all future Princes of the country from conſpiracies or violence recommended from the throne, Your loyal people, with one heart and one voice, would ſpring to meet the wiſhes of Your Majeſty; and I will venture to ſay, without fear of contradiction, there

there would not be found a duelliſt in the kingdom hardy enough to oppoſe it.

The more the conduct of Mr. Lenox is conſidered, the more planned and premeditated the whole of it appears. His firſt attack is made on the elder brother of the Royal Duke, who, he well knew, was conſtitutionally prevented from reſenting the inſult. This ſingle circumſtance marks, by the way, that ſort of ſpirit which actuated Mr. Lenox. But this is not all: he inſults the Heir Apparent of the crown, with toaſting in his teeth a name deſervedly odious and offenſive to his Royal Highneſs;—a name that had ſown the ſeeds of family diſſention in the very boſom of the Court;—a name that the Prince himſelf, it is

confidently ſaid, had ironically thanked for thoſe diſſentions;—a name that had queſtioned the Prince's natural right of Regency;—a name that had falſely villified the virtue, and traduced the honour of that high and moſt illuſtrious character;—a name on theſe, as well as on other accounts, which Mr. Lenox *well knew* that his Prince deteſted. Here then we behold Your Majeſty's miniſter become the very founder and conductor of the tragedy; he appears in the firſt act; then ſtands behind the curtain; now prompts the actor; now manages the puppet: and were any thing wanting to complete the unfolding of the plot, he appears again, in his own proper perſon, in the very laſt ſcene.

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It is not fair to judge of a man's conduct by detached parts. Conſiſtence, and an apt concurrence of circumſtances, are the proper guides to aſcertain the truth of a complicate fact. Thus, had not ſome one of Your Majeſty's family been marked for deſtruction, the ſickle of Mr. Lenox's courage might have reaped its full harveſt of ſatisfaction in that field of honour to which others were anxious to attend him. The members of D'Aubigny's Club, almoſt to a man, flamed with reſentment, and ſtood on tiptoe with their ſwords, in defence of their inſulted Prince. But this did not ſuit the purpoſe of Mr. Lenox; he muſt have Royal Blood, or none: and ſince he could not challenge the Heir Apparent of the

Crown without incurring a præmunire, the Heir Preſumptive muſt be made the ſacrifice! This, Great Sir, is the man, for whom Your miniſter gathers laurels, as a proof of his attachment to the Houſe of Brunſwick!

For my own part, I feel no difficulty in declaring, that Mr. Lenox does not appear to me to be a hero. If his courage required ſatisfaction, it ſtill continues unſatisfied; for to ſhoot at another, is no mark of perſonal valour. Had the Prince returned his fire, his honour might poſſibly be ſaid to receive ſatisfaction from that circumſtance; but at preſent, his courage ſtands preciſely in the ſame ſituation that it ſtood in *before he fired at Your Son.* A deciſion indeed of his brother-officers has

has given this matter a different turn, and therefore it does not become me to queſtion it; but a rumor prevails, and it is generally ſuppoſed to be founded in truth, that His Highneſs, with that greatneſs of ſoul which ſhould diſtinguiſh princes, and which always characteriſes the brave, requeſted the officers of the regiment to make a favourable report of Mr. Lenox. A requeſt coming from ſuch a quarter was met, no doubt, half-way, by the lenity and generoſity of thoſe to whom it was directed; and I honour the gentlemen for the determination which they came to.—Should the fact be true, and, from all the circumſtances of the caſe, there is no reaſon to diſbelieve it, the amiable humanity of the Duke ſhines as diſtinguiſhed *out* of the field, as his magnanimity

magnanimity *in* it was conſpicuous. If, however, the ſentence on Mr. Lenox aroſe from the uncourted opinion of his brother-officers, the *neceſſity* of his quitting the regiment does not ſtrike me. To relinquiſh the good opinion of his own officers, in order to ſeek it among others, with whom, it is poſſible, he might not find it, were inconſiſtent with that *deliberation* which Mr. Lenox appears to have uſed in every other part of the buſineſs.

Every ſubject of the Britiſh empire has virtually ſworn allegiance to the Houſe of Brunſwick. An attempt therefore to deſtroy any part of it, is a breach of that civil obligation by which the ſeveral members of the ſtate are bound to Your Majeſty.—The lifted arm of violence, levelling

deſtruction

deſtruction at one of Your children, is a picture the moſt awful that human imagination can form!—A civic wreath was decreed to the Roman who had ſaved the life of a common citizen: but with Us, CHRISTIANS and BRITONS, the deſtruction of a prince, in the opinion of the very miniſters of the country, merits an ovation! I would, however, aſk this plain and obvious queſtion;—which diſcovered the greater magnanimity and the greater patriotiſm, the Prince, who preſerved the life of a ſubject? Or, the Subject that would have taken away the life of his Prince? There is no ſubtilty, no ambiguity in the queſtion: liſping ſimplicity might anſwer it.

The coolneſs, not leſs than the courage

courage of the Prince, is a theme of damiration to every thinking mind. But coolneſs is always the attendant on true courage, as mercy and meekneſs are its inſeparable companions. This the gallant Duke manifeſted in an eminent degree. *He preſerved the life of a citizen*, at the ſame time that he expoſed his own to a raſh intemperate man. By his conduct he has taught the world this admirable leſſon, That to take away the life of another, is an offence againſt Him who originally gave it;—an offence againſt the ſtate from which we derive protection. That a Prince, like Him who delegates his power to his images on earth, ſhould have more delight in *ſparing* than *deſtroying*; and that pardon is the privilege of greatneſs.

greatneſs. Above all, his moderation has ſecured the lives of all future Princes in this country. No man, who is not content to paſs for what he would not be thought, can hereafter challenge his Prince. The example of the great is prevalent, and that of Kings and Princes more generally extenſive. When Harry IV. of France had publiſhed an arret againſt duelling, within the ſpace of twenty-four hours he defeated the very object of that edict. On his journey to Fontainbleau, obſerving a ſoldier that had fallen in a duel, the native ardour of his ſoul broke out with an involuntary impulſe in the following indiſcreet exclamation,— "That man lies in the bed of ho- "nour!" The expreſſion was in-

ſtantly echoed through the kingdom, and was urged, upon all affairs of honour, as the firſt and laſt excuſe for duelling. So vaſt is the influence of a great authority! But the more glorious, becauſe the more virtuous Prince of theſe days, has, by his great example, checked the falſe ardor that has gone abroad, without diminiſhing the luſtre of his own heroic ſpirit. Virtue is true dignity; and never appears to more advantage than when ſhe waits on Princes.

But, for a moment, let us ſuppoſe, that the Prince had actually fired at this hot young man. What a crowd of ſerious reflections riſe before us and occupy our minds, whilſt we but barely fancy the picture! What?—a Prince ſet ſo dreadful an example

to

to poſterity?—a Prince deſcend from his dignity, to indulge the pride, by ſhedding the blood of a contaminated rival?—a Prince degrade himſelf to an equality with a man ſo vaſtly his inferior in the race of glory?—When Alexander was challenged to run at the Olympic Games, he made this great reply; "I would accept "the offer, were kings my competi-"tors!" The loftineſs of the anſwer proved the dignity of the mind that delivered it; and I give it in *Engliſh*, that every *Engliſhman* may underſtand it.

The next picture, though much too flattering to paſs for real, is, "Mr. Lenox ſuſpending the rage of "his arm, and waiting the fire of his "Prince." A more beautiful pic-

ture cannot well be imagined. Great minds may conceive it, and heros perhaps believe it. It was reſerved for Mr. Lenox and the Miniſter to reverſe the tapeſtry.

Having detained Your Majeſty ſo long, I ſhall not ſtop to enlarge on the conduct of Lord Winchelſea, who, like Mr. Lenox, does not appear to me to be a hero, or to have conſulted either the ſafety of Your Houſe, or the dignity of Your Throne. As a domeſtic attendant on the perſon of Your Majeſty, it was his ſtrong and indiſpenſable duty to have defended Your palace from violence. As an hereditary counſellor of the Crown, he ſhould not have adviſed or abetted the deſtruction of any part of it. Robed in the ſcarlet of honour, he

ſhould

ſhould not have tarniſhed its luſtre, or dipped in the dye of faction, by becoming the *Second of the Second* in a tranſaction that has brought ſuch diſgrace upon the country.

Here, Sir, allow me to cloſe the unhappy ſcene. An affectionate and loyal ſubject, than whom You have not in your dominions one that loves You better, or that reſpects You more, beſeeches You to pardon the freedom that his zeal has prompted him to uſe with his Sovereign. He begs leave to aſſure Your Majeſty, that he has had no adviſers whatever on the ſubject of the preſent Letter; that he has conſulted nothing but his own feelings, the ſafety of Your Throne, and the dignity of Your people; that his faults and offences are all his own; and that, let his political

opinions

opinions be what they may, his reſpect and regard for the Perſon of Your Majeſty have always continued inviolate. If he has ſpoken diſreſpectfully of Your miniſter, it did not ariſe from any diſaffection for Your Majeſty. He thought Your ſervant had not done his duty; for it was his duty, as a ſtateſman, to have known, that the life of Your Son was in danger; and, knowing it, it was equally his duty to have ſtept in, and prevented it.

I truſt, Sir, that, on a former occaſion, when I had the high honour to addreſs You, the effuſions of my loyalty evinced a heart glowing with zeal for Your Perſon, and attachment to Your Throne. Time has not abated the fervor of my affection

tion, or weakened the impreſſions of my duty. Your Majeſty's gracious reception of my unaſſuming, but loyal, offering, can never be blotted from my memory: and I am too conſcious of the ſincerity of my own heart, to doubt or queſtion the greatneſs of my Sovereign's. But though I were capable of forgetting my fealty, I muſt always remember the dignity I owe to myſelf;—a dignity that, whilſt it impels me to deliver my ſentiments with freedom, ſecures me from offering the leaſt intended inſult to Majeſty.

To You, Royal Sir, as the great fountain of honour, I have ventured to ſubmit this ſolemn appeal on a point of *honour* the moſt momentous that ever employed the pen of an author,

thor, or engaged the attention of a great nation. As a private individual, I feel myſelf proud in the honour I have aſſumed of writing to my King; —to a Monarch, for who mmy eſteem is not leſs than my affection. Having aſpired to this high conſequence, I ſhall not condeſcend to make the leaſt reply to any anſwer which may come from an inferior quarter.

That Your Majeſty may long enjoy an uninterrupted ſtate of health and glory, of happineſs and ſafety, is the fervent prayer of Your Majeſty's moſt loyal,

moſt dutiful,

and moſt affectionate ſubject,

THEOPHILUS SWIFT.

Wigmore-ſtreet, June 25, 1789.

FINIS.